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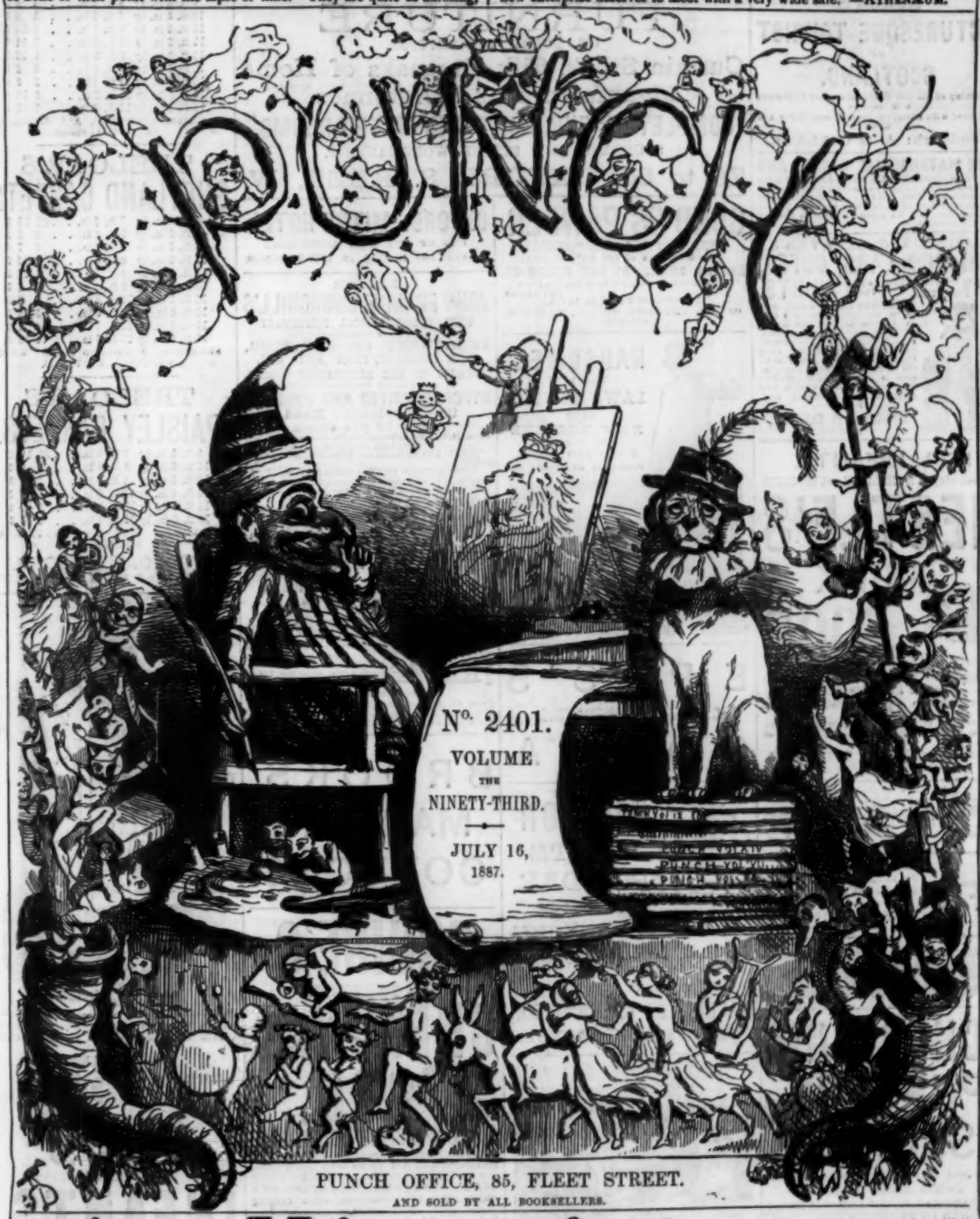

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THE LAST VISIT TO THE ACADEMY.

No. 691. The Donkey Rider Stopped. "You can't go further than this for twopence."

No. 540. Arrival of the G.O.M. Collars in Venice.

No. 35. A Brave Lassie. "Come on!—the whole lot of you! I'll give it you!"

No. 928. Cat and Child Fight.

ABSURD TO A DEGREE.

Now that girls have proved themselves capable of earning the highest University honours, why should women remain debarred of University degrees? If any senatorial difficulty precludes the removal of that ridiculous injustice, a girl forbidden to term herself a Bachelor of Arts, for example, might, it has been suggested, "invent some other title more significant of the distinction she has won." No invention could be easier. Her alternative for Bachelor would be obviously Spinster of Arts. No Graduate able to pass the *Pons Asinorum* can be such a preposterous donkey as to persist in denying even the plainest—possibly the prettiest—Passwoman that. The Dons will be unworthy of the name they go by unless they immediately remove the disability their old-world statutes have imposed upon the *Donne*.

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

I PAID my reglar wisit to the Academy last week, and was glad to find that my werry ernest remonstrance of last year had perduced sech a change as regards Staggerers. No Miss Menads a hunting in Burnham Beeches without no close on to speak of, and no Mr. Cassandra a carrying off of a pore yung lady afore she's had time to dress, merely because she upset the salad-bowl.

I don't think it's because "familyaryty breeds content," as the poet says, that I am less staggered than last year, but becos there ain't so many staggerers to be staggered at. Not that there ain't none. Why, there's one lady in the werry same dishabil as Madame Wenus herself a poring out somethink that the Catalog says is a incantashun, but then her pecooliar costoom is reelly xcusable, for she's that red hot that wood excuse anythink or nothink, as in her case.

One of the jolliest picturs to my mind is a portrate of a Port Wine drinker. Why, it seems to be a oozing out of ewery pore of his skin! and nothink younger than '63, I'll be bound. What a life to lead, and what a life to look back upon with proud satisfacshun!

Poor Lord HARTINGTON looks terribly bored at having to be gazed at so constantly by so many longing, if not loving, eyes, and at being pinted at by the old dowagers as their bo ideall of a sun in law.

Ah, Mr. STORY tells us a story as I've offen witnessed, when a young swell stands treat to a few frends and then ain't got enuff money to pay the bill! Wot a nuisance for him, but still wuss for the Landlord, and wussest of all for the pore Waiter. Poor Mr. GROSSMITH looks werry much paler than when I saw him after a jolly dinner at the Mettropole. I thinks as a glass or two of old Port would do him all the good in the world.

I now come to another staggerer, that fairly puzzles me. It's a nice young Lady, named, as I see by the Catalog, Euridice, which I beleeve is Greek for "You're a nice one!" who is a trying for to pull a rock down, but I'm sure she'll never do it, though she has taken off ewery morsel of her close, ewen down to her stockings, to give her more strength. I really wunders as she doesn't put a few of her things on, as she must see as Mr. HADES is a cumming towards her, and won't he jest be shocked! And then here's another young Lady, almost as lightly drest, a sitting quietly on a large cold stone, as if there wasn't no North-East wind a blowing, and by moonlight too. What time can she expect to git home, and what will her poor Mother say when she sees her?

If I'd ha' bin Mr. HAYNE, Esq., M.P., I'd ha bort a new Hat afore I was painted for my pictur, and ewen gone to the xpense of a new pair of gloves, speshally as his pictur is a going to be given to sumbody. So now he'll go down to remote posteriority with a shabby Hat, and a old pair of gloves on his table. His new Coat looks butifool. It is, I'm told, a capital likeness.

The LORD MARE is placed in his proper persition as first in the best room, and looks as happy and as jolly as I've no dout he ginerally feels, though he don't never seem to git no rest.

In the next rooms its the great Cardinal MANNING, who everybody loves and respects, Waiters and all, though it does rather try our loyalty to see him at dinner, when he don't eat enuff wittles to fatten a church mouse. If I'd ha' bin Sir EDWARD WATKIN, the grate Railway King, I'd ha had a much cleaner shave afore I set for my pictur than he had. I know as he doesn't like to be thought a close shaver in gineral, but, in this werry partickler case, he might have made a xcepshun to his gineral rule.

There's a lovely pictur called Ambrosia, a ewident misprint for Hambrosia—probably a new kind of sandwitch—in which there's a werry model of a good-looking waitress a carrying such a elegant little lunshon, as reelly made me quite hungry to look at. I thinks as the reel natives is quite a triumph of Hart. There's quite a grand pictur of the dear old Bank, with all the Carts and Cabs and Omnibuses, and people being all scrowged up together, just like life, and everybody a wondering how on earth they shall hever be able to cross, jest like life, and the Bus Coachman a flirtin with the lady passenger on the box, jest like life, and the Policeman a driving away the pore little beggar, jest like life. Ah, it's a reel lovely pictur that is, and werry creditabel to Mr. DOGSTAIL who I'm told painted it.

I think the most perthetic pictur in the hole lot is the one called "the Dunce." He's a setting all by hisself, pore feller, what they calls detained, a trying his werry best to do his lesson and he can't do it. And why, coz his thoughts is away out in the playground, where he hears the shouts and the larfing of his skool-fellers. Now, what shood I do, Doctor ABBOTT, if I was his master? Why I shood let him have a nours run with his playmates, and then, when he cums in fresh and jolly, try him again, and praps he'd estonish you. I was a Dunce myself wunce, spechally at spelling, and that's how *I* was cured.

How werry contented all the Parsons looks, they lolls back in their cumferal chairs as much as to say to the tired wisitors, "Don't you wish you had sitch chairs as these to set in?" Some of the Solgers looks at you jest as if they'd like to say, "What on airth are you staring at?"

I coud ony take jest a glance at the lovely landscapes; but oh, how nice and cool and carm they all looked, after the staring portrates with their flaring cullers.

ROBERT.

"*THE Wye*" is among STANFORD'S Tourist Guides for this season. He ought to issue another called "*The Wherefore.*" If he doesn't show cause for the tour, people will simply ask, "Why?" and stop at home.

MR. NEWTON will by this time have received quite a refreshing torrent of abuse on his devoted head. No—not torrent—Cass-cade.

REMARKS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNANSWERED.

Lady Godiva. "YES, MR. GREEN, I'VE BEEN PAINTED BY ALL THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS OF MY TIME; BUT NOT *ONE* OF THEM HAS EVER DONE ME JUSTICE!"

Mr. Green. "WHAT—NOT EVEN *SIR JOSHUA?*"

MIXED PICKLES; OR, A VERY LATE PARTY.

SCENE—*A Private Room. Two Eminent Statesmen discovered in consultation. Lists of past and present Members of Parliament, also political Maps of England, scattered about.*

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Well, we're agreed about the name, then. It's to be the "National Radical Conservative Unionist Liberal Party," eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*doubtfully*). Rather long, isn't it? Wouldn't the "Old England Party"—no connection with DIZZY'S "Young England" ditto—sound better? And then we're safe to be called "Nationalists," and the word has such disagreeable associations.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*cheerfully*). Pooh! What's in a name? I've been called lots of nasty ones before now.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Yes, and called them yourself, too, sometimes.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*with gay indifference*). Now to business. The most important thing we have to decide is—Who are to be the members of the New Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*confidently*). Quite so. There'll be a perfect rush to join us. We shall have to "hold the fort" pretty strongly to prevent our being swamped. Mind, no weak compliance with what are called "social influences."

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. No. And no claim for admission founded on mere relationship to be regarded for a moment.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Hm! I don't know. Family life, you see, is, after all, the basis of the State; and so it's only fair that the State should do something for one's family in return.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*diplomatically*). All right! Then we'll shelve *that* subject. Now, as regards the G. O. M. Suppose he found himself quite out in the cold, and wanted to join us, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*decidedly*). Not for a moment. Where would our "Dual Control" be then?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Of course. Shouldn't we let in HARTINGTON? Yes. Well, how about SALISBURY?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Awkward if SALISBURY thinks of becoming member of New Party, eh?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*energetically*). That's my view entirely. You see, if SALISBURY joins, he'll want to be Prime Minister, and then where should *I* be?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*surprised*). You! The question rather is, where *I* should be?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*hastily*). Ah, well; then we'll shelve *that* subject too for the present. Wouldn't you—er—like—er—to go into the Lords, and lead *them?*

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. You mean, of course, as Premier?

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*modestly*). I thought—ahem—that *my* natural qualifications for that post were so obvious that—— but, as I said, let's drop the subject for a time. We can come back to it again. Now, what's to be the programme of the Party?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*with emphasis*). There's no doubt about *that*, I should think. Free Education, of course. Then JESSE insists on allotments and free holdings——

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*thoughtlessly*). Hang JESSE!

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*with considerable dignity*). *Hang* him? I intend JESSE as our first Chancellor of the Exchequer, or President of Board of Trade, I can tell you.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*gaily*). All right. *I* don't mind, if you consent to WOLFF being next Governor-General of India. Army and Navy Estimates to be cut down Five Millions, each, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Couldn't think of it. We must have a Fleet of some sort, you know.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*discontentedly*). Then *that* subject will have to be shelved, too, I suppose. You don't mind, at any rate, a clean sweep being made of the present Admiralty and Ordnance officials, eh?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*heartily*). Not a bit. No broom you can use will be too hard for them. They'll make it a dirty sweep before you've done. Then there's Local Government, of course.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Readjustment of Taxation.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Disestablishm——

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Eh? what?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*calmly*). Don't be alarmed. We'll shelve *that* too, if you like.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*relieved*). By all means. (*With growing uneasiness.*) But then, I say, after all, what *is* our programme? How does it differ from SALISBURY'S, for instance?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n (*ingeniously*). Oh, it's far more really Conservative than his, you know.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll. Yes—(*encouraged*)—I see. Of course it is. And how does it differ from GLADSTONE'S?

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. GLADSTONE'S? Oh, well—er—it's more *really and truly Liberal* than his!

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll (*ruminating*). That *sounds* all right. The question is, will the country believe it? And if we have to shelve so many questions in order to form our new National Party, shan't we run a risk of being shelved ourselves when the next "wave of progress" sweeps over the Constituencies? [*Left ruminating.*

WORTH MENTIONING.

"WESTGATE-ON-SEA." *Mr. Punch* takes off his coat and westgate in this hot weather to correct a slight misquotation. *Mr. Punch* is represented as saying that none of the greatest Composers ever produced an air to equal "the exhilarating, recuperating air" of Westgate-on-Sea. Now *Mr. Punch*, when he wrote this (July 2), did not limit this lovely air to one particular spot, but described it as "the exhilarating, recuperating air of the Isle of Thanet." That Westgate is in Thanet is true, but the advertiser poetically uses the part for the whole, thereby omitting Birchington, Margate, Broadstairs, not to mention the inland villages (delightful in the fall of the year), and above all Ramsgate, which is not *Mr. Punch's* "seaside resort," as is Westgate when he wants a northerly breeze, but *Mr. Punch's* sea-side Residence, where ten-twelfths of the year are delightful, where sky and sea come out in Mediterranean colour,—where it is Nice without its cold-catching dangers, where fruit and vegetables are flavoursome and plentiful, and where there is even more than a fair share of that exhilarating, recuperating air, of which the Isle of Thanet has the sole patent.

In one hour and forty minutes, the L. C. & D. takes the traveller from Town to Westgate, and in two hours to Ramsgate, by Granville Express from Victoria and Holborn Viaduct. On Sunday morning, starting at 10·30 A.M., the Jaded One can be down for lunch at Ramsgate by 12·30, and all the day before him.

À propos of the Granville Express, *Mr. Punch* had the pleasure of dining at the Granville Hotel the other evening, and a better dinner, better chosen, cooked, and served, could not be got anywhere in London, or out of it. The proprietor, Mr. QUATERMAIN EAST, may not wish this to be generally known, but *Mr. Punch*, who specially compliments the *chef* on his clear turtle and whitebait, thinks that he shall be doing a service to everybody by not keeping secret the story of this QUATERMAIN—not Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S "*Allan*,"—who means to remain the "Q in the corner" of the Isle of Thanet. "Q. E. D." and "D" stands for "Dinner."

LATEST STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Regent Street Tradesman. "LOOK HERE, MR. POLICEMAN, AS WE WANT THE JOB OF CLEARING UP THIS PLACE WELL DONE, WE 'LL DO IT OURSELVES."

"IF you want a thing done, you should do it yourself,"
Is an excellent maxim, no doubt, in its way;
But, when citizens willingly part with their pelf,
They 're entitled to claim some return for their pay.
BULL does *not* pay Bobbies to lounge on their beats,
And leave him at last to look after his streets.

About "Law and Order" there 's plenty of talk,
But Order seems missing, and Law appears blind.
The streets of his City in safety to walk,
After stumping up taxes of every kind,
Is surely not much for a man to expect,
And excuses for failure he 's prone to reject.

Sure, Regent Street is not Alsatia—not quite,
And this handing it over to rufflers and pests,
At whatever hour of the day or the night,
Is a thing against which civic judgment protests;
And BULL, when once roused, be you sure, will determine
Against caving in to noctivagant vermin.

Must Trade, then, turn scavenger, tradesmen turn out
With besom and basket to keep their ways clean?
The Bigwigs and Bobbies might like it, no doubt,
But BULL will demand what the dickens they mean.
He 'll have his streets decent by daylight or dark;
For why should a man who keeps dogs have to bark?

FROM "NORMA."—Moonlight Serenade for Three Voices—a Magistrate, a Policeman, and a Home Secretary—in Regent Street:—"*Casta Diva, Incantatrice!*"

"GESTA GRAYORUM."

THE *Times* of Thursday last in a learned article on the Gray's Inn Masque, records that "On the 28th February 1587, eight members of the Society were engaged in the production of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*," but on the occasion of *The Maske of Flowers* in 1887, the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn showed what could be done with the *Success of Arthur*; that is, of Master ARTHUR W. À BECKETT, Master of the Revels. And indeed what could be done in Old Gray's Inn, was on that occasion quite a Revel-ation to most of us. *Mr. Punch* heartily congratulates the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn on possessing such a Revel-Master—he ought at once to be created Lord Revel-stoker—who is able to give life and form to so excellent an idea, who can design such exquisite costumes, compose such appropriate music, paint such perfect scenery, and instruct amateur pupils in the arts of elocution, action, singing and dancing.

Embodiment of an Arthurian legend. The Master of the Revels.

Mr. Punch is perfectly aware that the costumes were due to Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD's designs and Mr. ALIAS's workmanship, that the scenery was painted by the old stager JOHN O'CONNOR, that the music was composed and arranged by Messrs. PRENDERGAST and BIRCH-REYNARDSON, and that the dances were invented "with the assistance of MSS." (old English for "Master of the SeremonieS") and taught by the experienced Mr. D'AUBAN. But the lawyers of Gray's well know that "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*,"—and in the case of the costumes, *Qui facit per* ALIAS *facit per se*—and so with the merit of what Master ARTHUR W. À BECKETT executes by his chosen agents he himself is to be credited. It was a great success, from first to last. Just one word at parting. *Mr. Punch* hopes that the *Maske*, as it is, is *not* to be reproduced on the public stage. Such a proceeding, by depriving it of its venerable and appropriate surroundings, would vulgarise an entertainment which should have remained, within the precincts of Gray's Inn, archaic and unique.

In Gray's Inn Hall.—Notes by a Very Ordinary Person.—Crushed. Difficulty with hat. That's why I dislike a *Matinée*, because you can't come in a crush hat. But you're sure to go away in a crush hat. Opera-hat in daytime looks so disreputable: suggestive of having been out all night. While hiding my hat, lost my book. Probably under lady's dress. No use trying for it. Band outside plays National Anthem, and a voice from a dark recess shouts out some word of command to the Beefeaters—(poor chaps, in this hot weather "the Overdone-Beefeaters"—fine-looking fellows with prime joints)—and then enter Royalties. Can't see them. They're seated. Enter, in front, tall young men in coloured tunics, knickerbockers, and turn-down collars. What are these? The Backward Pupils of Gray's Inn? No. The Orchestra. It commences. There are fiddles, and basses, and a second-hand cracked piano, suggestive of having been hired from itinerant Minstrels on Margate Sands. My neighbour asks me if the band is "COOTE and TINNEY?" My reply is evident—"More Tinny than Coot." Neighbour informs me that the cracked piano is really a very old instrument, in use about the time of Queen ELIZABETH. Exactly: just what I should have thought. The Benchers ought to have been rich enough by now to have bought a new one. When a thing is to be done, do it well. No cracked pianos. Not worth fourpence an hour.

Curtain up. Low arch representing entrance to Old Gray's Inn. Enter a Giant with a long white beard. I think he is Great Grandfather Christmas off Gog and Magog's twelfth-cake. He solemnly salutes the audience in military style. Why military? It suddenly occurs to me, "Is a Masque funny?" I ask my neighbour. He is uncertain. Evidently a cautious man; he will reserve his reply till he has seen it. Enter a Columbine, like "My Lady" used to be on a May Day. She talks to Great Grandfather Christmas, who seems frightened, and tries to back out of it. At present I don't quite catch the plot. Next neighbour says he doesn't think there is a plot. I ask him to look at his book. He says he is looking at it; but it's printed in some dialect he doesn't understand. Enter another Giant, dressed as a Jester. It appears that Great Grandfather Christmas has forgotten his part, or left it in the dressing-room, and the Giant Jester has kindly brought it him. No jokes as yet. No good lines. My neighbour says this is the sort of thing Queen ELIZABETH liked. Did she! And the cracked piano, too, for music, which, on the exit of the Giants and the Columbine, comes out as strong as the poor old thing can when supported by violins and violoncellos.

Enter "*Silenus* and his Crew." I hear some one say this. Not a bit like a crew. Not a sailor among them. Perhaps as this is a Mask, they are sailors in disguise. *Silenus* is, of course, supposed to be intoxicated. If he is intended to represent an ugly old man, dismally drunk, and making painful efforts to catch a note, he succeeds to the life. Not funny, but clever. Splendid pantomimic property in the shape of a gigantic tobacco-pipe, carried by an Indian. My neighbour says, "Old ELIZABETH would have liked all this sort of thing." Poor dear! I pity her. I ask if Indian is to be taken as an advertisement for the Wild West? Neighbour replies, hesitatingly, that he knows the book has been altered from what it was three hundred years ago to suit the present time, so that perhaps I may be right. The cracked piano, which is having a hard day of it, breaks out into a lively measure. RED SHIRT, SILENUS, "and his crew" join in a dance, "*Crew Junction*"—but why not a hornpipe, if they're a crew?—and the Curtain descends on Part the First.

Part the Second.—Young Elizabethan Maidens in front of a bank of roses, and a fountain lighted up, as is the garden, with variegated lamps. "Figures look like Old Chelsea," my neighbour says. I return (because the variegated lamps and the illuminated fountains and the arbours appeal to bye-gone memories),—"Old Chelsea? Yes—Cremorne." Then the Maidens sing a dirge. Perhaps mourning, or Cre-morning, for the departure of lost glories. Then they open out gracefully, and discover the Columbine of Part the First with a lot of young men—(Oh!),—all seated together in the basin of the fountain. The young men in masks—(Aha!—now I see why this is called a Masque!—Now I am happy, whether Queen ELIZABETH would have liked it or not!)—come out of the fountain, quite dry, rather unpolitely leaving poor Columbine still in the basin under the dripping water. Maids of the Inn can and do sing charmingly.

Limbs of the Law.

The Masquers can and do dance. Plot no object. It's all elegant and graceful, but distinctly sad, as how can it be anything else to the accompaniment of that cracked piano, whose temporary absence must deprive Margate Sands of much harmless enjoyment. "They haven't smiled once," I say to my neighbour. "No more have I," he replies crustily, but then explains that Queen ELIZABETH didn't like smiling unless she smiled first. The Masquing men are most anxious and attentive to their steps; the Ladies all delightful. Great applause. Encores. And during all this, the unfortunate Columbine remains sitting in the basin, with her feet in cold water, and her head apparently under a dripping *douche*. She must be of a most contented disposition, as whenever I catch sight of her she is smiling, somewhat vapidly it is true, but still smiling, and beating time on her knees, perhaps to keep herself as warm as possible in such a peculiarly damp situation.

The end is approaching: for the first time I notice some of the bolder Revellers begin to smile. At length re-enter the Giants, Great Grandfather Christmas & Co., and the Indians. They rescue Columbine from the fountain. Now I think I see the plot. I mention this to neighbour, triumphantly; but he says I mustn't talk while Royalty is leaving, as ELIZABETH wouldn't like it. So we join in "*God Save the Queen!*" and it's all over. *Exeunt omnes.* Must get a book.

WHIM-BUILDIN'.

(*By Dumb Crambo, Junior.*)

Under Canvas.

Marks-man-ship.

Pay Villian.

Shooting from the Shoulder.

Sight Adjustor.

De finer!

MORE JILLS IN OFFICE.

SCENE—*Postal Counter of Shop in another part of Town. Two more Young Ladies* (Miss RUTINA REDTAPE *and* Miss MINKS) *discovered. At the counter a stout but agreeable Youth purchasing post-cards. Various Members of General Public behind, waiting.* Miss REDTAPE *is engaged at the telegraphic instrument.*

Stout but Agreeable Youth (*to* Miss MINKS). Let's have another look at the thin ones.

Miss Minks. Well, you *are* a difficult one to please! (*With a killing glance.*) *There!* Now, perhaps you'll make up your mind!

St. Y. Not so difficult to please as you fancy. But I *am* a little particular about post-cards. I write a good deal on post-cards.

Miss Minks (*archly*). I hope you don't write your *secrets* on post-cards!

St. Y. If I do, you'll be able to read 'em, you know.

Miss Minks. Do you suppose I've any time for reading rubbish? Besides—(*more archly still*)—I don't even know your handwriting.

St. Y. I write a very nice hand. You shall see it some day.

Impatient Member of Public. Will you kindly tell me if this letter will go for a penny? (*Pathetically.*) I've been waiting some time!

Miss Minks (*in injured tone*). I can't possibly attend to more than one at a time! (*To* Stout Youth.) You'll get me into trouble, you see, if you're so faddy about choosing. You are so *silly* over it!

St. Y. I daresay you'll think it rather odd, but I don't seem able to make up my mind. (*Insinuatingly.*) Suppose *you* choose for me?

Miss Minks. Perhaps you won't like what *I* choose?

St. Y. Don't make yourself at all uneasy about *that.*

Miss Minks (*coquettishly*). I don't. There's a packet of thick ones for you. Now, give me eightpence, and go away.

St. Y. The idea of expecting a fellow to have *eight*-pence about him!

Another Impatient Member of Public. Dozen penny stamps, Miss, please.

Miss Minks. If you'll *kindly* wait till I have finished with this gentleman!

St. Y. (*in undertone*). You *have* finished with this gentleman—done for him completely!

Miss Minks. Do you think I don't know better than to believe such nonsense! I shall get into *such* a row for keeping these people waiting—and it's all *your* fault. [*Plaintively.*

St. Y. Poor little girl—they *do* work you awfully hard! I'll go (*sentimentally*), but I shall keep these post-cards *always!*

Miss Redtape (*reading a telegram*). Chipperfield Lodge, Chipperfield, near Uxbridge. Can't send that, Sir.

Author of Message. Can't send it? Nonsense! Why?

Miss R. (*who suffers from a fixed idea; with deliberate precision*). Because it is insufficiently addressed.

A. of M. (*much astonished*). Where on earth is the insufficiency?

Miss R. "*Near* Uxbridge"—you must alter that before I can send it.

A. of M. That's the address I was given; I've no reason to believe it wants adding to, and I *can't* add anything!

Miss R. Then I can't send it.

[A. of M. *remonstrates in vain, pleads, and urges*—Miss RUTINA *remains obdurate, and he has to retire, helpless.*

Miss Minks (*gabbling out form handed in by anxious-looking Lady*). "For love of Heaven do nothing of kind. Come to me at once, TINY"—you want that to go as it is?

Anx. Lady. Yes—yes—there's no irregularity in it, is there?

Miss Minks (*severely*). *You* know that better than I can tell you. Limmer's? Limmer's *what?*

Anx. Lady. Limmer's Hotel.

Miss Minks. Then that will be another halfpenny—it will be sent off in its proper turn.

Enter a German Servant.

German Serv. (*to Miss R.*) I vas to gif you zis delegram, blease.

Miss R. Very well—you can leave it. Stop—who's it addressed to? (*With much decision.*) *This* won't do!

Germ. Serv. I vas to gif it to you. Is it not for ze Lord Meyer?

Miss R. Lord Mayor, yes, I see that well enough, but *where?*

Germ. Serv. I subbose vere he dwell at—I do not know how you gall it—on ze oondergroundt I zink it is.

Miss R. Don't know any Lord Mayor who lives underground—can't take it like this.

Officious Bystander. He means the Mansion House. I should think that would find the Lord Mayor without much difficulty, wouldn't it?

Miss R. (*chillingly*). Can't say, I'm sure. (*To Servant.*) Go back and ask your Master if he means Mansion House, to say so.

Germ. S. (*blankly*). He is goned avay—he vill not be pack undil efening.

Miss R. Then ask him, *then.*

Germ. S. I zink it vas imbortant—eef you gould dry at ze Mansions haus, berhaps——?

Miss R. I've no authority to put in anything beyond what's given me to send—if your Master *will* give an insufficient address, it's not my fault, and you can tell him so.

Off. Bystander (*to Miss R.*) But hang it all! There's only one Lord Mayor, in London at all events!

Miss R. How do I know it's for London at all?

Bystander. I should have thought you might have *risked* it!

Miss R. I can't help what you would have thought, Sir; I know my own business. (*To Germ. S.*) I've given you my answer.

[*Exit* German Servant *resignedly, his idea of a Lord Mayor somewhat lowered;* Miss REDTAPE *stamps letters with the serenity of conscious rectitude. Scene closes in.*

Arms and the (Police) Man.

"THRICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just."
But sure that Force in self-defence will fail
Whose only armour, 'gainst the critic thrust,
Is found to be "Black Mail."

VISITING LISZT.—The latest and one of the most interesting papers on this erratic Abbé, is to be found in the *Month* for July. *Tolle, lege.* Also see *London Society* for *The Hired Baby.* The story is pathetic with here and there a vein of cynical humour. As for the moral——well, you can't expect much of a moral from a hired baby.

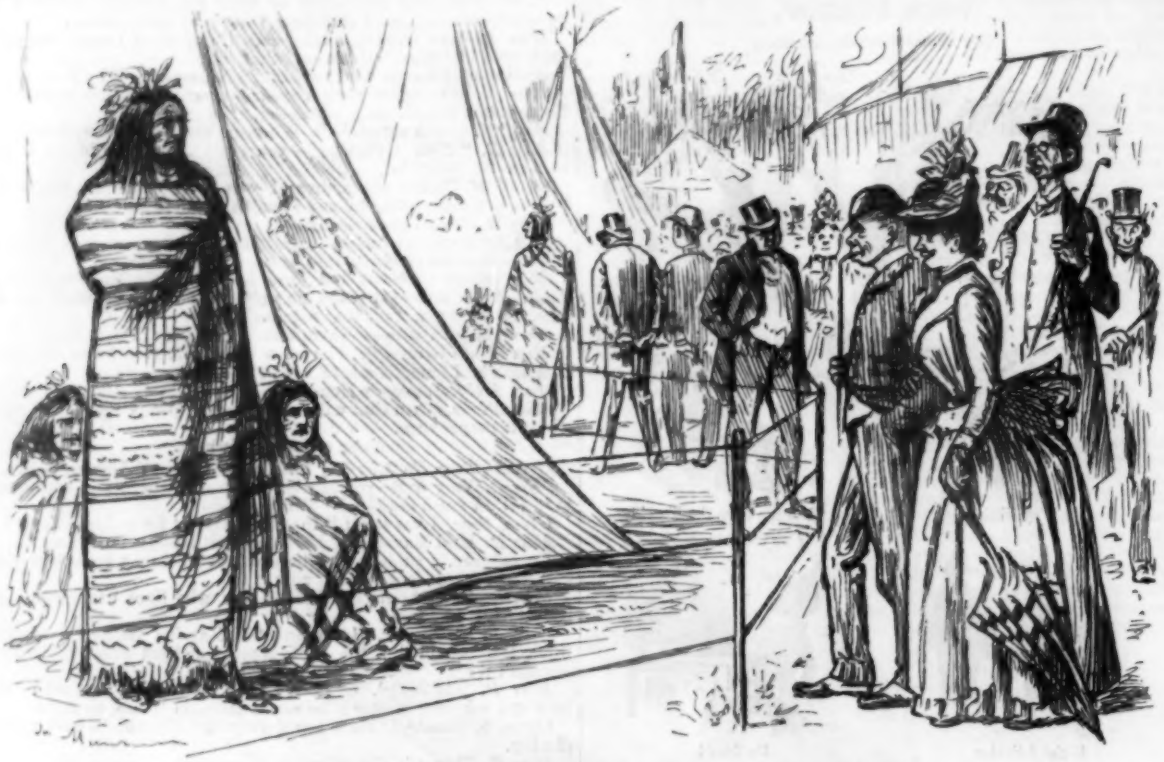
A Dark Look-Out.

"There is no public career in India for the native of India."—*Echo.*

"THE world's mine oyster" 'tis in vain to sing,
If for a "Native" there's no "opening."

CUCUMBER Chronicles, by ASHBY STERRY. Light reading, easily carried, and not at all cu-cumbersome. Nothing Melon-choly about them. Can't say any more because it's so hot, and we've only just cut the cucumber. Of course you must be in a cucumber frame of mind to thoroughly enjoy them.

TAG FOR THE THIRSTY.—One swallow does not make a summer—drink.



DEVELOPMENT OF SPECIES UNDER CIVILISATION.

'Arriet. "OW, 'ARRY! I S'Y! *H'YN'T* 'E A UGLY COWVE!"

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

A Modern Version of an Old Story.

ALL wisdom is not to be found,
In immortal philosopher's pages;
Common-sense in its common-place round
Sometimes floors all the saps and the sages.
The doses administered thus,
Are regarded as nauseous drenches,
But oftentimes folly and fuss,
Are discovered on woolsacks and benches;
And big-wigs in bumptiousness solemnly solus,
Will find themselves better sometimes for a bolus.

The dignified mazes of Law,
'Tis parlously easy to trip in,
The truth that a *savant* once saw,
In the casual fall of a pippin,
The Bench's calm height ought to scan,
More clearly than mortals thereunder.
But—your Magistrate is but a man,
And Man is much given to blunder.
An obstinate Beak or a cynical Q.C.,
Sometimes plays the fool—that is wisdom *in nuce!*

This gentleman stretched at his ease,
Looked monstrously wise and complacent
How green the umbrageous trees!
How verdant the country adjacent!
Would anyone hint, save a pump,
That he is not high equity's model?
"Stand down, Mr. Critic, or—" thump!
The Sage receives one for his noddle.
Gravitation from Magistrates' rules is exempt,
And a pippin you cannot commit for contempt.

Little Public Opinion will reck,
Though austere Rhadamanthus should chide it,
And even a haughty Home Sec.,
In vain will assume to deride it.
It does not fear satire or scathe
From Minos, though knowing and nobby,
And certainly won't pin its faith,
To the Bench's pet fetish, the Bobby.
To make *him* an oracle 's coming it strong,
For even a Constable sometimes goes wrong.

Our NEWTON's, "*Principia*" too,
Punch rejects in a fashion emphatic.
No, *Shallow*, my boy, they won't do,
They 're at least as absurd as dogmatic.
The Curfew you 'd better restore;
You 'd no doubt be delighted to do so,
But you won't close the West-End at four,
Until, like poor *Robinson Crusoe*,
Or *Selkirk*, you 're "monarch of all you survey,"
Which won't be, my NEWTON, this many a day.

Nay, things have not come to that pass;
And MATTHEWS's obstinate backing,
Will not close the case against CASS.
Sound sense seems abundantly lacking
In Courts and in Cabinets too;
And Public Opinion will grapple
With bunglers like MATTHEWS and you;
So NEWTON, my boy, 'ware the apple!
You 'll probably spy out a lesson or two,
In this story, that 's old, with a moral that 's new!

ANOTHER version of "NEWTON and the Apple," is "NEWTON and the Appeal." In France, it would have been sent up to the Court of Case-ation.

A TESTIMONIAL.

ON the front page of this week's *Christian Age* is an excellent portrait of a Christian Youth, Mr. Deputy BEDFORD as *Sir Adonis Evergreen. Age!* What has he got to do with Age, whether a Christian Age or any other? He is not for an Age but for all time, and if "Age is before Honesty," then at what period of his existence——but this is to inquire too curiously into the future. Suffice it to say that there is something in this particular Page which reminds us of an eminently respectable Waiter, not unknown to the public, and to more than one public it may be, as—"ROBERT." Christian Youth, *Salve Flos Waiterum!* and in these "salad days," *Salvete Flores Tomatorum!*

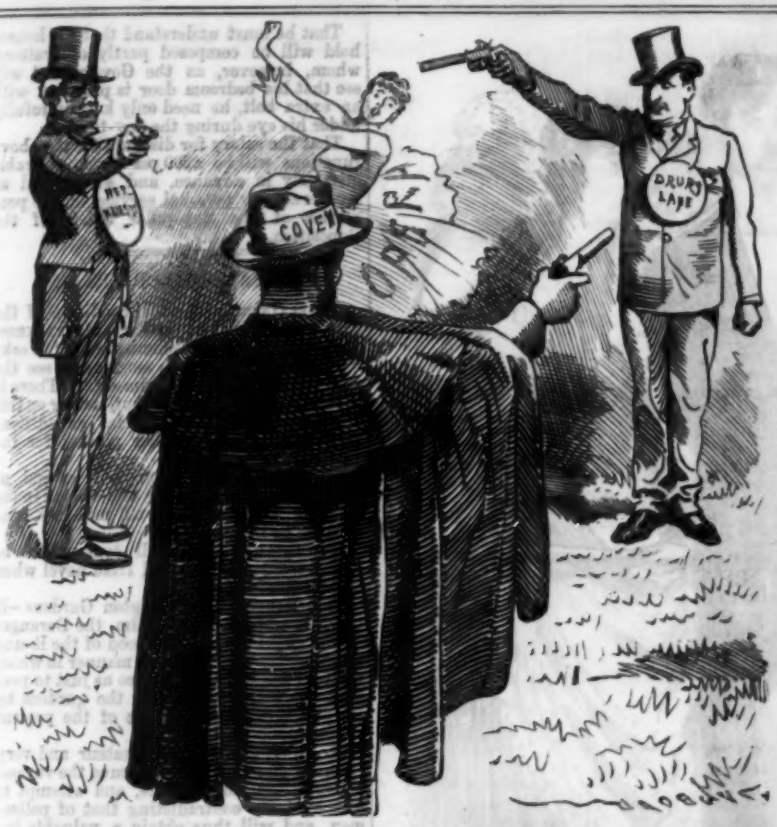
IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The New Rooms at the National Gallery may now fairly claim to present "the finest 'sight' in Europe." Thanks to Sir FREDERICK BURTON and Mr. EASTLAKE, who, like the great naval hero on the top of the column in the neighbourhood, may congratulate themselves on having done what the Nation expects them to do—their duty. And so here's our duty to you, Sir FREDERICK and Mr. EASTLAKE!

POLITICAL MENSURATION.—When the Gladstonians say that we are "within measurable distance" of Home Rule, do they mean that that distance is to be measured by a (National) League?

LORD BRAMWELL, "the Busy B" of the *Times*.

NEWTON AND THE APPLE.

(THE LATEST VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.)



THE TRIANGULAR DUEL OF THE OPERATIC MANAGERS.

LORD'S AND LADIES. (July 8, 1887.)

Lady loquitur:—

BATTLE of Blues? There's the blue of the skies and eyes aristocratic,
But take the array all around the true battle is polychromatic.
Eh? FAIR *versus* BRAND? Ah! of course; but you cannot expect us to narrow
The rainbow of Fashion to favour the yearnings of Eton and Harrow.
Nice lads, *very* nice; always like Eton boys, when they haven't got "pots" on,
And there is a good deal that's "smiting" in Whatahisname—no, I mean WATSON;
But Blue's not so *chic* as it was, and a triumph in azure is barren,
That is, to a girl who is simply a girl, and not A. C. M'LAREN,
White has it to-day, my dear BLANCHE, though a spotting of scarlet and crimson
Gleams over the ground, for sweet woman *will* take most peculiar whims on.
A nice bit of Chelsea? Eh? What? Oh! that plucky *Lord* CHELSEA, dear fellow!
Not out, seventy-two; very good!—but *do* look at that girl in bright yellow!
It seems to add heat to the sun that is beating and broiling our backs on.
Eh? Why doesn't FAIR make more use of his capital fast bowler, JACKSON?
I'm sure *I* don't know. EDITH BLAND all alone there, poor faded forlorn flower!
Yes, Harrow has rather hard luck, and I wish I had mounted a cornflower;
But blue doesn't suit me a bit; and why *can't* they change colours with seasons,
These Teams? Oh! don't argue it, please, there's no muddle like male creatures' *reasons*.
That lady in heliotrope graceful? Dear me! why she walks like Pa's heifer,
Eat? Oh! it's too hot; I could lunch on a strawberry plus an iced zephyr.
Well, y-e-es, *one* more glass of champagne, and that salad is really delightful.—
Why FLOSS had three helps to my two, that child's appetite really is frightful!
Oh! what's that? Poor FAIR out again? Now I think that's unfair. Oh! no pun, Sir—
I never *do* pun, if you please, and most surely not under this sun, Sir.
There are too many ways, don't you think, so? of getting "out"; bowlings, and catches,
And stumpings, and—what's L. b. w.? Always see that in these matches—
Oh! there is Prince CHRISTIAN! I *wish* that the lads had less powerful voices,
This shouting must hurt Harrow's feelings, and if she *has* fewer "old choices"
That isn't *her* fault, I suppose, and they ought to allow her more batters.
That would harrow poor Harrow much more? Well, I really *can't* fathom such matters.
Ah! RAPHAEL seems a sweet name; and he's "out for a duck" too; how horrid!
Why, even poor GOSLING made *four*. Oh, dear me, 'tis tremendously torrid!
And, how they *can* run so—— There, listen to ISABEL SMYTHE, *do* just listen.
She's coached up in Cricketing slang; she has "crammed" for it. How her eyes glisten!
"Oh! bowled, Sir, indeed! Caught, Sir, caught!"—And she rhymes "bowled" to "howled."
Most disgusting!
Last over? Hope Harrow will pull up to-morrow. Of course they are trusting
In mighty M'LAREN again. But oh, if their colours they 'd vary!
Unless you've a brother, you know, or a lover like MILDRED and MARY.
In one team or other, it's hard to get up an emotion that's "humming,"
For dark blue and light are so like, Sir, and neither is *very* becoming.

New Room Notes, National Gallery.

"*The Three Graces*," now well placed, had been previously "skied." But didn't this show that Sir JOSHUA's work ranked uncommonly high in the opinion of the former hangers?

It is not surprising that among Sir ROBERT PEEL's Collection there should have been several charming Constables. These Pictures ought to be called and known as "Peelers."

SONGS AT STAMBOUL.

(*Sung by Sir H-nry Dr-mm-nd W-lff.*)

I.—L'ADIEU À LA PORTE.

AIR—"*The Good-bye at the Door.*"

OF all the memories of the past
That long will haunt my dreams,
This scene upon my soul will cast
The brightest, gladdest beams.
I've really had the jolliest spree,
Though S-L-SB-RY cuts it short;
Memory will oft recall to me
The Good-bye to the Porte.

My stay out here may have estranged
The closest friends I knew;
R-ND-LPH, I think, seems rather changed;
Will B-LF-R prove more true?
No happy hours again for me
In this sweet clime to sport!
I cannot contemplate with glee
This Good-bye to the Porte.

II.—GOOD-BYE, SWEET PORTE, GOOD-BYE!

AIR—"*Good-bye, Sweetheart, good-bye!*"

MY bright hopes fade, my heart is breaking
(I feel inclined to cuss our Chief),
And I from thee my leave am taking,
After a stay too brief, too brief.
How sinks my heart with strange alarms!
An angry tear obscures my eye.
Stamboul, they drive me from thy charms;
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

My innings end,—without much scoring,—
Loud swells the Rad's derisive jeer.
If France I long have failed in flooring,
Still I was here, still I *was* here.
If I could keep my place (and pay),
Patient diplomacy to ply,
I would not leave thee though I say
Good-bye, sweet Porte, good-bye!

GRANDOLPH'S TEACHINGS.—When you rush in to dress at five minutes to eight, and you are to dine two miles off at eight sharp, when your shoe-strings break, your studs roll on the floor, your links refuse to catch, and you suddenly discover an iron-mould in the centre of your shirt-front, then when a sweet patient voice from the other room says, "O my dear! don't use such awful language!" then bethink you of GRANDOLPH, and explain that your fervent utterances were only "blessings in disguise."

COVENT GARDEN OPERA.—*Mr. Punch's* advice,—if *Lohengrin* is given again, with the same cast as it had last Saturday, go and hear it. A real treat.

THE PROVINCIALS!

Northern Belle. "DID YOU GO UP TO THE ACADEMY SOIREE?"
Masher. "AH—M—M—NO. I—AH—SELDOM GO TO LONDON NOW. MY TAILOR COMES DOWN NORTH THREE OR FOUR TIMES A YEAR!"

PAVING THE WAY FOR HIM.

IT is understood that at the final sitting of the Sobranje it was decided to submit to Prince FERDINAND of Saxe-Coburg the following memorandum of terms for his acceptance:—

That he shall forward, together with his references, his photograph on approval.

On it being notified to him that these have been considered satisfactory, he shall state whether he understands the confidence and three-card tricks, and also what acquaintance he possesses with the heavier feats of advanced *leger-de-main* that would warrant his active intervention in the diplomatic intrigues of Eastern Europe.

That he shall provide his own crown, which must be a decidedly showy affair, and should be so constructed as, by a little manipulation, it could, in any sudden outbreak of popular fury, be made to assume the appearance of an ordinary top-hat.

That his coronation-robe should be reversible, and, when turned inside out, serve as a dressing-gown that would be available for night surprises of a revolutionary character.

That he should be supplied with six bullet-proof shirts, to be worn on important State occasions, and have not less than twelve complete theatrical disguises for purposes of escaping with his life beyond the frontiers after the passing of unpopular measures.

That he will be expected to have sufficient command of the Russian language to enable him to indite an occasional defiant and offensive epistle to the CZAR as occasion may require.

That he must understand that his household will be composed partly of traitors, whom, however, as the Government will see that his bedroom door is provided with an extra bolt, he need only keep carefully under his eye during the day-time.

That the salary for discharging the above functions will be £200 per annum, payable quarterly in advance, and guaranteed as recoverable by personal service, on the properties of the unpopular chiefs of the Opposition.

OFFICIAL OBJECT LESSONS.

COMPLAINING of the foul condition of the bathing-lakes in Victoria Park, Mr. PICKERSGILL asked the First Commissioner of Works "to accompany him one morning to see the state of the Lakes for himself." There is is some reason to believe that, acting on this admirable suggestion, official expeditions will be organised to other places; for instance:—

The Duke of BEDFORD will attend at Covent Garden Market at two o'clock in the morning and stay there till mid-day, and see how he likes it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will consent to be locked inside a barricaded Irish hovel when an eviction is expected.

The Ranger of Kensington Gardens—if there is one, or, failing him, the Deranger—will visit the neighbourhood of the Round Pond, and notice the adroit manner in which the turf has been removed so as just to prevent the full enjoyment of the gardens by the public during the whole of the present summer.

Mr. MATTHEWS, as an Amateur and very Casual Defendant, will go round the various Metropolitan Police-courts, and attempt to give evidence contradicting that of policemen, and will thus obtain a valuable insight into Magisterial deportment.

Selected Members of the Vestries and of the Metropolitan Board of Works will harness themselves to omnibuses, and attempt to drag the vehicles, when fully loaded, over watered wood and asphalte without slipping.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, disguised as a troubled parishioner in need of spiritual advice, will call on any London Curate and ask him his real unvarnished opinion on his Vicar's proposal that he should "give liberally" to the Church House Scheme.

Mr. GLADSTONE will "take a place" in Kerry and try to collect his own rents.

Mr. LABOUCHERE will negotiate with the Sublime Porte himself, at half Sir H. DRUMMOND WOLFF'S salary, and promise not to grumble.

And, every Member of Parliament who has ever promised to "do something" to improve the Dwellings of the Poor, and has done nothing, will spend the whole of August in a slum-dwelling in Whitechapel.

Old Doggerel Adapted.

SOME say to keep the realm compact,
We must stick to the Union-Act;
Others, that to be one, and feel it,
We must immediately repeal it.
Strange that such difference should be,
'Twixt Union and Unity!

HOW perfect Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S latest story would be, if it weren't for his persistent introduction of the low comedian, a stagey French cook of the old farcical order. Couldn't he "find another way to (comic) man his Haggard?" This quotation is from *The Taming of the Shrew*, adapted.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 4.—Floor of House strewed with crackers to-night, popping off unexpectedly as proceedings advanced. Immediately after Questions, ARTHUR BALFOUR brought up to whipping-post. For so clever a young man ARTHUR has made serious mistake. Gave definite pledge upon certain clause of Coercion Bill, then omitted to fulfil it, and finally, when challenged, wriggled about and endeavoured to show that his remissness of no practical consequence. House doesn't like wriggling. Nobody but HART-DYKE came to assistance of beleaguered Minister, and *he* was incontinently put down by SPEAKER. HALLEY-STEWART, that child of victory, came in fresh from Spalding. Greeted with thunderous cheers from Opposition who have plucked up spirits wonderfully.

Old Morality, in his oldest and most moral manner, moved to appropriate remaining time of House for Government business. Fire opened upon him from all sides in protest against arrangement. Every man with a Bill wanted day to bring it forward. CHAPLIN in most magnificent manner joined in protest. SMITH having replied in detail seemed that the incident was closed. But in fact was only beginning. SMITH had greatly shocked GLADSTONE by incidentally alluding to Opposition as "entirely unparalleled in annals of Parliament." GLADSTONE, recalling some scenes between 1880 and 1885, raised his hands appealingly to 'igh 'eaven against the statement. JOHN MORLEY dashed in with vigorous speech; then GOSCHEN came to front, wringing his hands and working himself up to height of desperation. GLADSTONE had declared that he and his friends had not been charged with conniving at Obstruction.

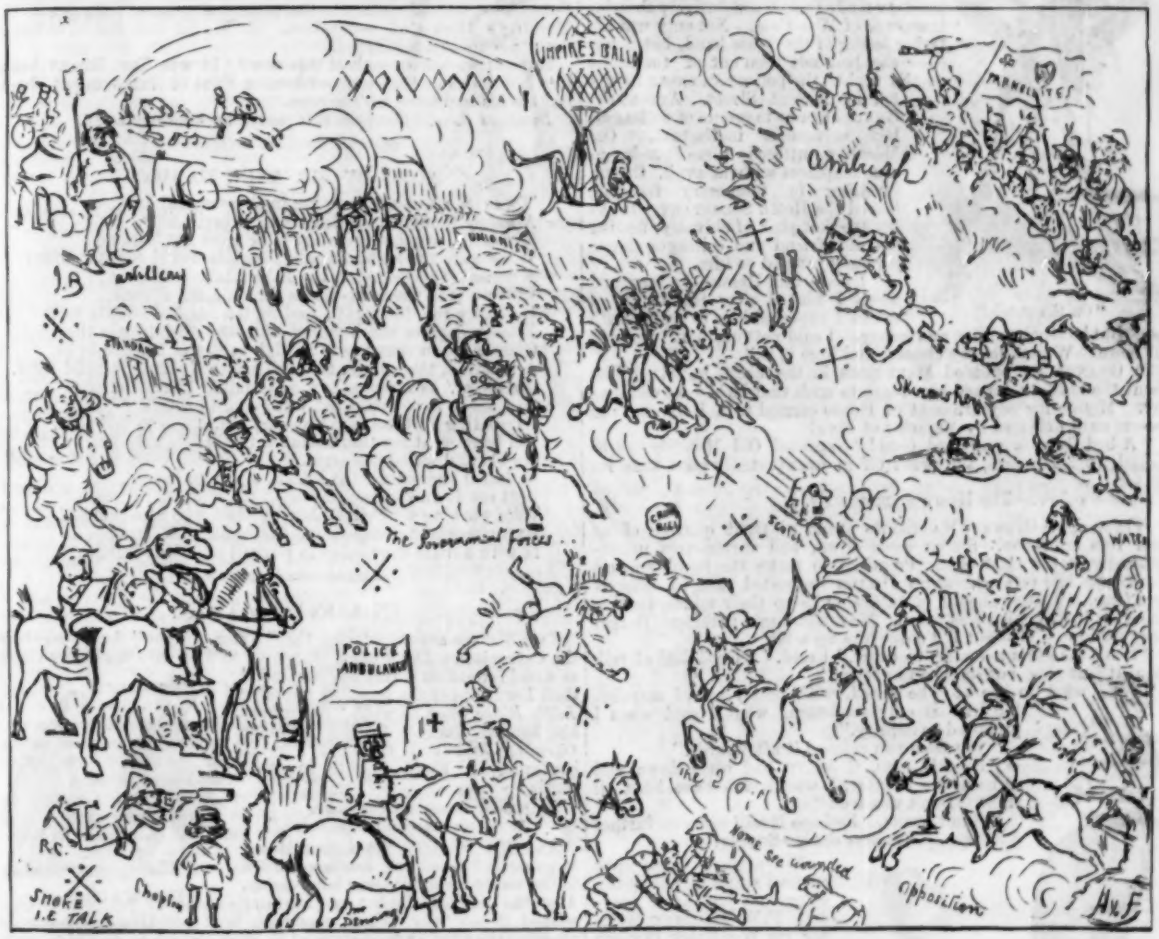
"If the charge has not been made," said GOSCHEN, trying to edge himself behind the plump figure of Old Morality, "it shall be made, and I make it."

This brought up HARCOURT, who called GOSCHEN "a deserter." This did not add to general amity of proceedings. Opposition cheered; Conservatives howled; then, amid uproar, a voice was heard denouncing the conduct of Members of the Government as "wanting in dignity and decorum." The voice spoke more in sorrow than in anger. There was a tear in every syllable. It was clear that, out of the fulness of a heart crushed with pain at witnessing these unruly proceedings, the mouth spoke. The voice not unfamiliar. All eyes turned to the quarter whence it proceeded. Who could it be that thus added a final reproach to a guilty and trembling Government? Who, in accents trembling with conviction and emotion, convicted it of "lack of decorum and dignity?"

It was JOSEPH GILLIS!

Business done.—Government secured all remaining days of Session.

Tuesday Night.—"A bad Cass, a very bad Cass," murmured Old Morality, moving uneasily on his seat. It was Seven o'Clock. Things certainly looking very bad. At Question-time, ATHERLY-JONES, who had been watching the case for some time, asked the HOME SECRETARY whether he had made inquiry into the Regent Street affair, and if so, what was the result? HOME SECRETARY had, from the first, blundered hopelessly. When first questioned peremptorily refused to interfere. Then CHAMBERLAIN interposed and backed up claim for inquiry. MATTHEWS with ludicrous haste knuckled down and



F.M. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY REVIEW.

Fac-Simile of Sketch made by our Special Artist on the Field.

gave desired promise. This was on Friday last. Now went back from promise and declined to have anything to do with affair. House evidently angry. ATHERLY-JONES moved adjournment; supported by over a hundred, and debate entered upon. CAINE and DODDS struggled for honour of seconding Motion. DODDS won. Seems Miss CASS's father is one of his constituents and a most respectable man.

"On the watch."

"Why," cried Member for Stockton with sudden access of energy, "he leads the brass band in the Malleable Iron Works."

That settled it. Thenceforward MATTHEWS regarded as a doomed man. CHAMBERLAIN made speech conclusively showing innocence of Miss CASS. Not only was her father leader of the brass band, but it was clear she had not been out of the house on the nights the policeman swore he saw her in Regent Street. ATTORNEY-GENERAL came to rescue of colleague, but movement ineffectual. Old Morality uttered some ponderous commonplaces without avail. CAINE, revelling in temporary freedom, lashed the HOME SECRETARY. GRANDOLPH, that pink of chivalry, finding his old friend and colleague down, joyously jumped on him.

"I made him Home Secretary, and when I kicked over the traces of course I expected him to resign with me. But he stuck to office and salary. I said nothing, but I thought the more. Waited for my chance, and here it is."

So GRANDOLPH prodded MATTHEWS in the back, buffetted him about the head, and made him begin to wish that he 'd resigned long ago. Motion for adjournment of House carried to a Division, and Government defeated by Majority of Five!

"A bad Cass—a very bad Cass!" repeated Old Morality, as he picked up his papers, and went off in unexpectedly good time for dinner.

Business done.—The HOME SECRETARY'S.

Wednesday.—HENRY MATTHEWS spent pleasant quarter of an hour this afternoon. SMITH came down, and surrendered unconditionally in the CASS case. Promised to make the inquiry which MATTHEWS had refused. JOHN DILLON suggested that, in order to save time, Ministers should in future make up their minds what to do before the Division was taken. MATTHEWS said nothing. Rather sorry for him. Thought I 'd cheer him up a bit.

"Don't take this too much to heart," I said. "Good deal of talk about it just now, but soon be forgotten."

"Take what to heart?" he asked, with pretty air of surprise.

"SMITH is only confirming what I said when I promised an inquiry."

"But then you refused it afterwards."

"Exactly. So, if SMITH had come down and refused the inquiry, I would still have been all right. Don't you see?"

I didn't, quite. Perhaps it will come on further reflection. *Business done.*—Supply.

Past and Present Members for Woodstock.

Thursday. — Came upon curious scene in Lobby this afternoon, just after prayers. F. W. MACLEAN, Member for Woodstock Division of Oxfordshire, standing at full length near the Post-Office. To him enter GRANDOLPH, making for House, anxious to see how MATTHEWS is looking to-day. MACLEAN, drawing himself up another inch, looked down on GRANDOLPH. GRANDOLPH, seizing the situation, half turned round, and looked up at his successor in the re-adjusted representation of Woodstock. Neither spoke; but it was a pretty scene, not needing words.

GRANDOLPH found MATTHEWS on Treasury Bench, looking as if nothing had happened, and as if nothing was going to happen. House curiously crowded, considering. The old story over again, with just a difference in enumeration of the chapter. Hitherto been on Coercion Bill, First Reading. Second Reading, Committee Stage, and Report Stage. Now Third Reading moved. GLADSTONE begins it all over again, as if nothing had yet been said. Benches filled to hear him, and no one moved till speech ended in glowing peroration. Then Members, simultaneously struck with conviction that they 'd heard this before, streamed out. Rest of Sitting dull talk and empty benches. *Business done.*—Third Reading of Coercion Bill moved.

Friday.—Coercion Bill through at last! Final bout of talking dull till towards end, when DILLON made one of his impassioned speeches (wonderfully improved has JOHN since he first entered House). HARCOURT stroked Ministerialist back wrong way; and GOSCHEN replied in animated speech. One little flash disturbed monotony of earlier part of sitting. Elderly young man, name of COLERIDGE, trotted out again the mean and spiteful reference to Old Morality's Book-stall connection. O. M., for once moved to anger, hotly resented impertinence.

Haven't we had enough of this now? It was TIM HEALY began it. Not desirable that men without a tithe of TIM'S talent should imitate his ingrained ill-manners.

Business done.—Coercion Bill passed by Majority of 87.

SONG BY SIR ABEL HANDY.

'TWAS on a summer morning in this tropical July,
A happy thought impelled me an experiment to try.
Hot early, weather promised to be more hot later on:
What were the highest grade the glass would register anon?
A delicate thermometer, the Fahrenheit, was mine;
I placed it in the solar-beams direct, A.M., at nine.
It shortly rose to ninety; and by ten reached twenty more;
Eftsoon degrees one-hundred-nine-and-twenty was the score;
Glass went on rising near as high as it was marked to go.
A hundred, three times ten, and six the highest it could show.
Excelsior! as LONGFELLOW'S ascending Pilgrim cried;
So I began to marvel what was going to betide,
Expanding still the spirit rose within, ere noon had past,
Till bang went my thermometer, the brittle tube had brast!
My old and well-tried servant through ten years in hot or cold,
At last it suddenly went smash, a pity to behold,
I sat me down and sent the *Post* the story of its loss,
Take warning all Philosophers my tale who come across!
Experimental Science—mind the moral that I sing—
Is with a little knowledge in pursuit a parlous thing.

IN CONVOCATION.

THE Bishops are considering the "Amen-Corner" Amen-ments to the Catechism. *Dr. Punch* happening to drop into the Upper House as a cool retreat on a July day, reminded their Lordships of the touching appeal of *Little Billee* when he went "down upon his bended knees" to the inhuman *Gorging Jack* and *Guzzling Jimmy*, imploring a short respite in these words:—

"O let me say my Catechism
As my poor mother taught to me."

Head of a Chapter.

And *Mr. P.* asked the Upper House to pause before adding another burden to the sorely tried child on a hot Sunday. Also the learned Doctor of Divinity wished to ask why, when amending, is it considered necessary to preserve the prim archaic style of English, which is nowadays only associated with the strictest Quaker, and which is so suggestive of formality and unreality? Why say "What meanest thou," and so forth? It was Puritanical; now it is pedantic. The Bishops agreed with *Mr. Punch*, but the Thermometer being 120°, they adjourned to the "Wholly Shade," adjoining the lawn-tennis ground.

It is pleasant to record how something was done in the House of Laymen. Lord NELSON said he had received a blow on the head,—from a draught. The President wanted to know if it was a draught of a resolution? Lord NELSON explained that it wasn't. He had alluded to an air-draught. He wished to propound the old theological question, "*Cur induit albam Miller us tegulam?*" with its answer, "*Ut caput servat calidum.*" ("*Hear, hear!*") He wished to know whether, for the reason above mentioned, he might wear his hat. The President remarked that he thought it would be out of order if he did. Earl NELSON observed that he would soon be out of order if he didn't, as he should have a severe cold. Mr. HUBBARD, M.P., who is to be made a Peer, with the title of Earl-y-CHURCHOUSE, was understood to say that if he wasn't allowed to wear his hat, he knew he should have a *gravamen* to-morrow. The President then gave the required permission. Hats are now worn in the House of Laymen.

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J. C. ENO, Esq., *Queen's Head Hotel, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4th June, 1877.*

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As sunshine on fair Nature's face,
Which dearly do we love to trace,
As welcome as the flowers in May,
That bloom around us on our way;
As welcome as the wild bird's song,
Which greets us as we go along;
As welcome as the flowers' perfume,
That scents the air in sweet, sweet June,
Is Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Cool and refreshing as the breeze,
To Headache it gives certain ease;
Biliousness—it does scourge,
And cures it both in Youth and Age,
Giddiness it will arrest,
And give both confidence and rest;
Thirst it will at once allay,
And what the best in every way,
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

The Appetite it will enforce,
And help the system in its course;
Perhaps you've ate or drank too much,
It will restore like magic touch.
Depression, with its fearful sway,
It drives electric-like away;
And if the Blood is found impure,
What effects a perfect cure?
Why, Eno's famous Fruit Salt!

Free from danger, free from harm,
It acts like some magician's charm;
At any time a dainty draught,
Which will dispel disease's draft;
More priceless than the richest gold,
That ever did its wealth unfold,
And all throughout our native land
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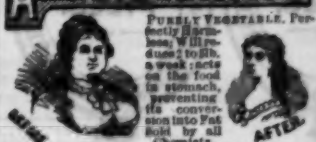

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